

Sir T. J's SPEECH

TO HIS

Wife and Children.

I.

DEar Wife, let me have a good Fire made,
I'll tell you such News will make you all glad,
The like for another is scarce to be had.

This it is to be Learned and Witty.

II.

First, (Butler, do you a Glass of Wine bring,)
I'll tell you all the great Love of my King,
Which is a dainty, curious, fine thing.

This it is, &c.

III.

A Wife Learned Serjeant at Law I was made,
And a dainty fine Coif was put on my Head,
Which is heavier far than a Hundred of Lead.

This it is, &c.

IV.

But soon after this I was made the Recorder,
To keep the Worshipful Rabble in order,
And wore a red Gown with long Sleeves and Border.

This it is, &c.

V.

What Justice I did, my dear Wife, you can tell;
Right or wrong, I spar'd none, like the Devil in Hell;
But, Guilty or not, I sent all to Bridewell.

This it is, &c.

VI.

Unless it were those who greased my Fist,
To them I gave license to cheat whom they list,
(For 'twas only those my *Mittimus* mis'd.)

This it is, &c.

VII.

But then the King dy'd, which caused a pother;
So I went to condole with the new King, his Brother,
With Sorrow in one hand, and Grief in the other.

This it is, &c.

VIII.

For an Ignorant Judge I was call'd by the King
To the *Chequer-Court*, 'tis a wonderful thing,
Of which in short time the whole Nation did ring.

This it is to be Learned and Witty.

IX.

By Great *James* I was rais'd to the *Common-Pleas* Bench,
'Cause he saw I had exquisite Politick Sense,
Which his Wisdom perceiv'd in the Future Tense.

This it is, &c.

X.

At *Sarum* Five Hundred Pounds I have gotten,
To save Malefactors from swinging in Cotten,
For which they we hang'd, and now almost rotten.

This it is, &c.

XI.

But now, my dear Love, comes the Cream of the Jest,
For the King would take off the *Oaths* and the *Test*;
Which I told all his People would be for the best.

This it is, &c.

XII.

He had my Opinion, That 'twas in his Power
To destroy all the Laws in less time than an hour,
For which I may chance to be sent to the *Tower*.

This it is, &c.

XIII.

And now to *Magdalen-Colledge* I come,
Where we turn'd out most, but kept in some,
That so a New Colledge of Priests might have room.

This it is, &c.

XIV.

And so by that means we left the door ope,
To turn out the Bishops, and let in the Pope,
For which we have justly deserved a Rope.

This it is to be Learned and Witty.

F I N I S.